

GOLD  
KEY

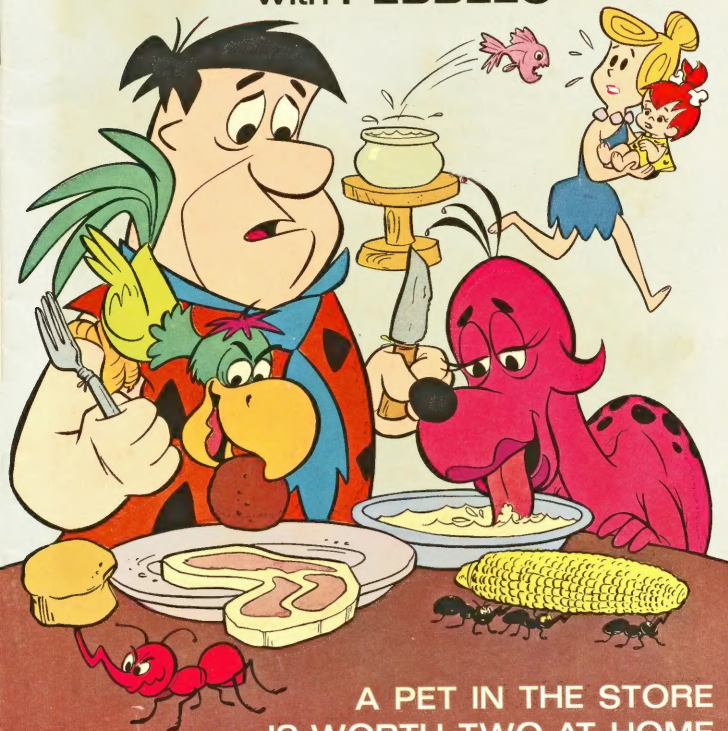
THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES

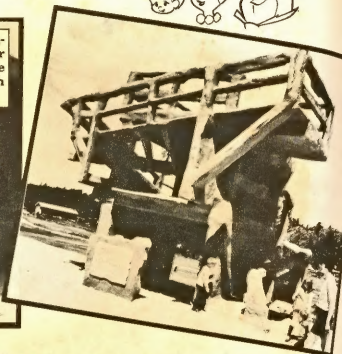


A PET IN THE STORE  
IS WORTH TWO AT HOME

# FLINTSTONES' BEDROCK CITY



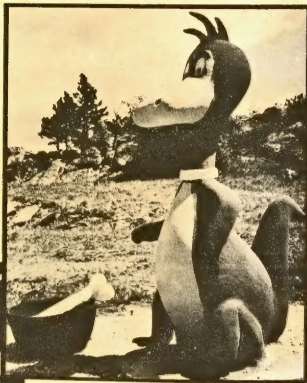
Yabba dabba doo! Fred Flintstone's home town is now for real — and it's really fun. The new fun-park is in Custer, South Dakota.



When you step into Bedrock City, you step back into time — where they have "Stonescrapers" (above) instead of skyscrapers.



Betty and Barney Rubbles' powerful little boy, Bamm-Bamm, is there with his trusty club.

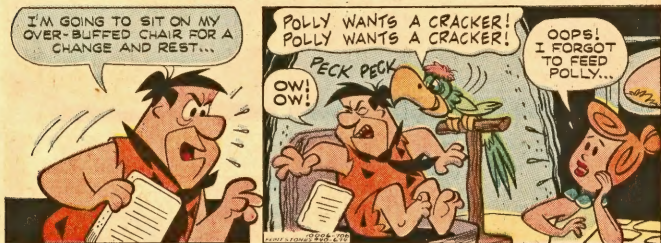


Dino, the dinosaur, and Fred's Stone Age convertible are but two of the many attractions in Bedrock City. The park, planned for family enjoyment, is open to the public between Decoration Day and Labor Day.



Hanna-Barbera  
THE FLINTSTONES

# A PET IN THE STORE IS WORTH TWO AT HOME



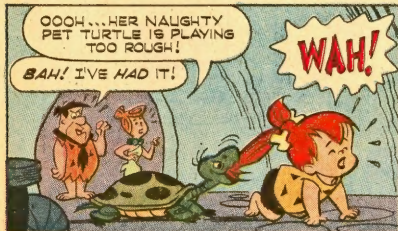
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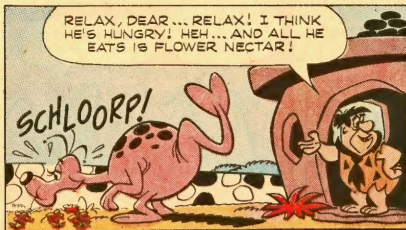
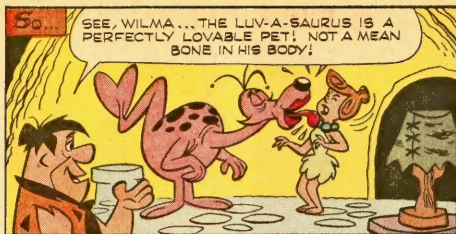
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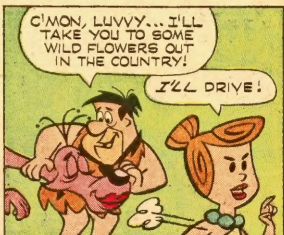
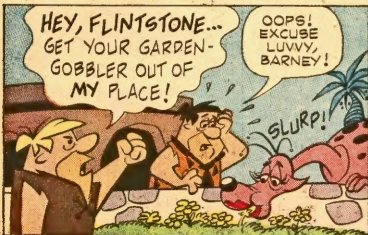




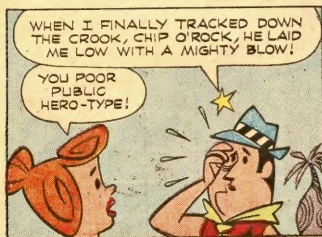
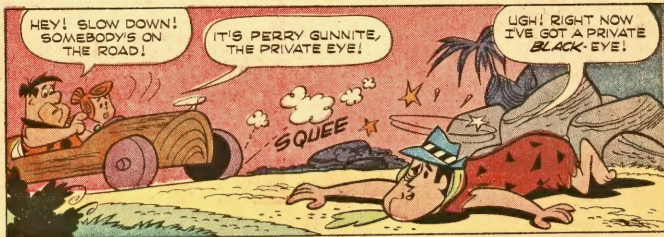
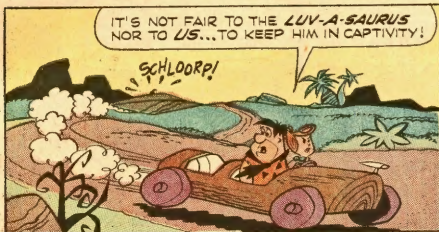
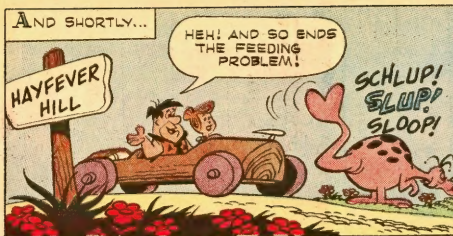




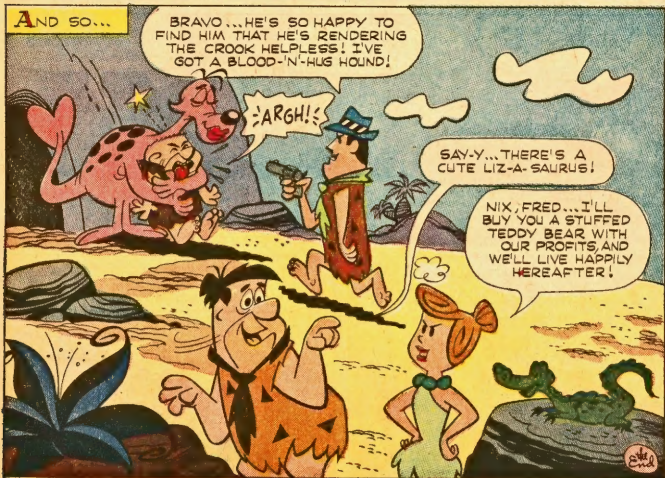
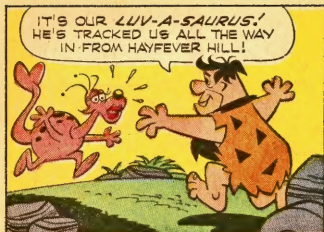




AND SHORTLY...



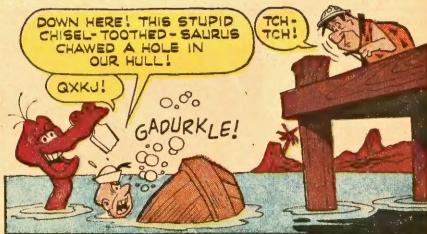
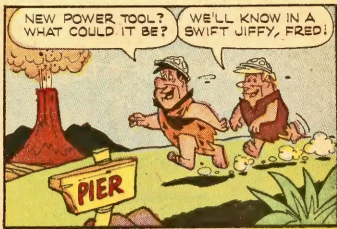
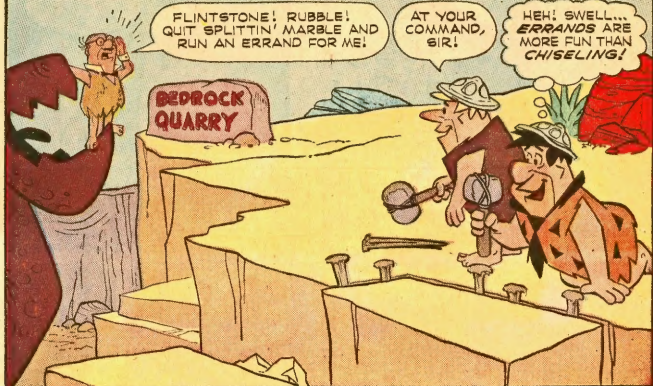






Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**

# WORRY AT THE QUARRY





IT'S PLAIN TO SEE *WE'RE NOT NEEDED ANY MORE!*



So...

OH, TOOLS ARE A  
GUY'S BEST PAL...

HEH!  
NOW I CAN  
SELL IT AT A  
LOW PRICE  
AND FOLKS  
WILL BUY  
MORE  
OF IT!

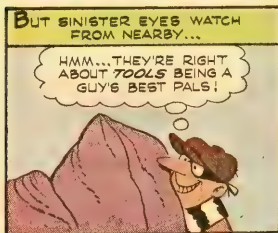
HEAVE-HO... IT'S OFF  
TO THE MARKET WE GO...

CHINK!  
CHINK!



BUT SINISTER EYES  
WATCH  
FROM NEARBY...

HMM...THEY'RE RIGHT  
ABOUT *TOOLS* BEING A  
GUY'S BEST PALS!



...ESPECIALLY THAT *CHISEL-TOOTHED-SAURUS*! I COULD  
USE IT IN THE WORST WAY!  
HAR-DE-HAR-HAR!



LATER...

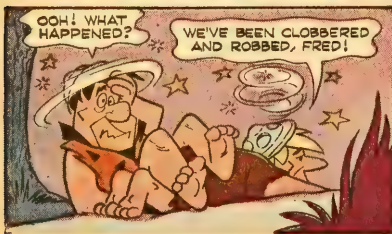
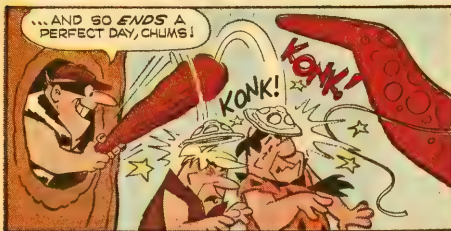
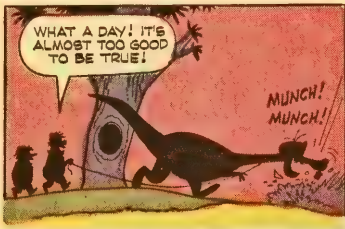
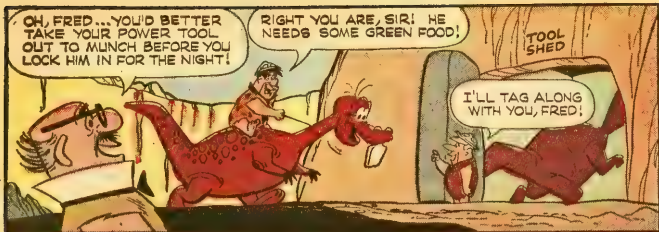
PHWEEERP!

THE FIVE-O'CLOCK  
WHISTLE ALREADY?

THE DAY  
SURE WENT  
FAST!







BUT SHORTLY...

OH, GRAVEL! HE GOT ONTO THIS LAVA BED SO HE'D LEAVE NO TRAIL!

AND ANYWAY... IT'S GETTING DARK!



WELL, THERE GO OUR NICE NEW JOBS!

AND THE NEXT DAY...

...AND SAY GOOD-BY TO YOUR RAISES, TOO!!

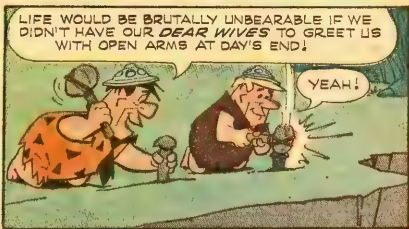
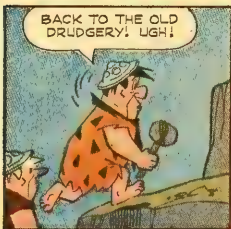
(ULP!) YES, SIR!



BACK TO THE OLD DRUDGERY! UGH!

LIFE WOULD BE BRUTALLY UNBEARABLE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE OUR *DEAR WIVES* TO GREET US WITH OPEN ARMS AT DAY'S END!

YEAH!



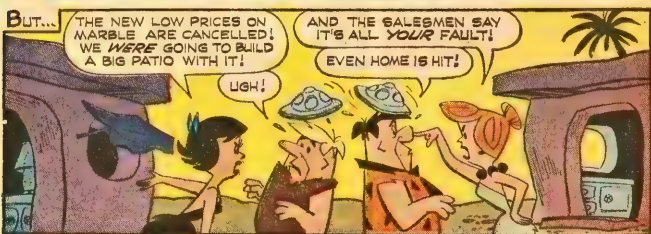
BUT...

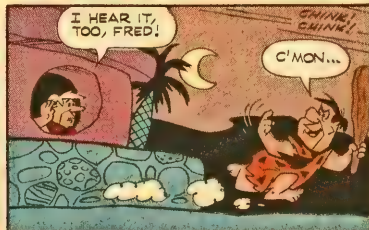
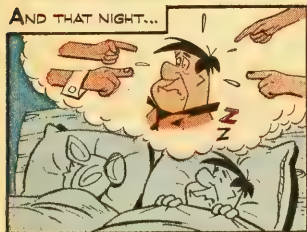
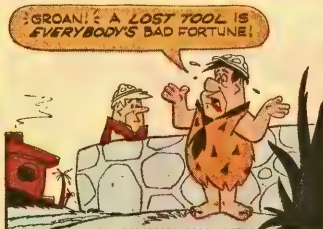
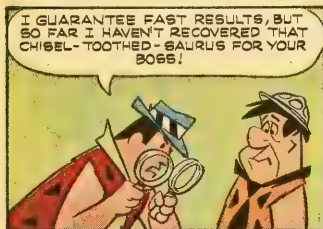
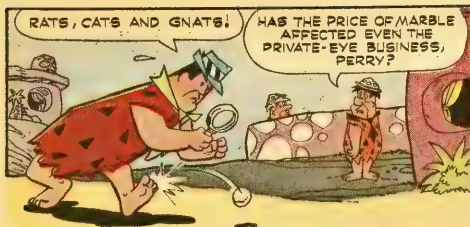
THE NEW LOW PRICES ON MARBLE ARE CANCELLED! WE *WERE* GOING TO BUILD A BIG PATIO WITH IT!

AND THE SALESMEN SAY IT'S ALL *YOUR* FAULT!

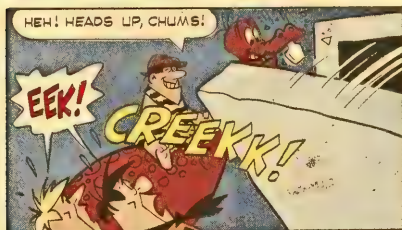
EVEN HOME IS HIT!

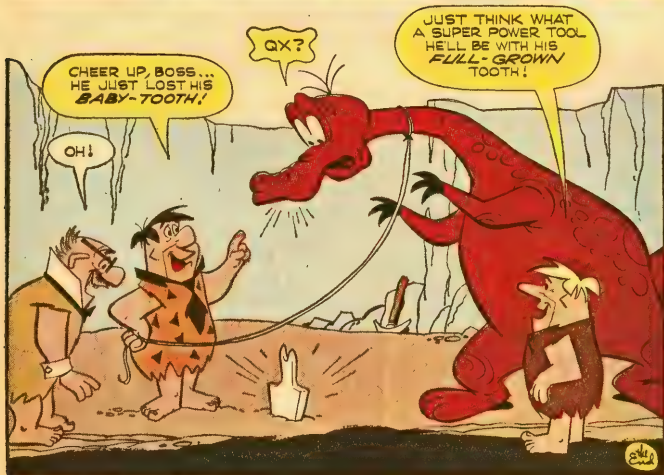
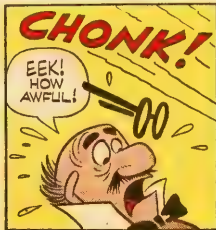
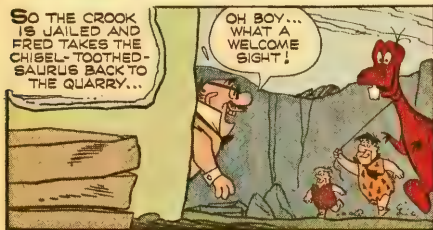
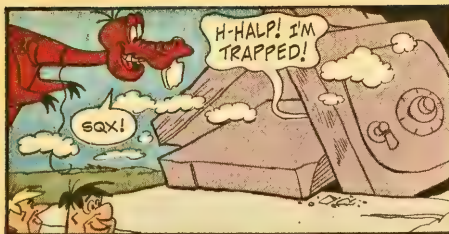
UGH!









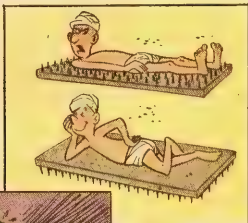




## WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

We're snowed under with the gag lines you sent us and while we're deciding which are the best, we're printing some of the original cartoons with our own lines. Were yours funnier?

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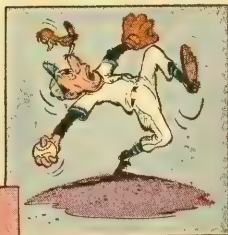


"Well, it doesn't look comfortable to me!"

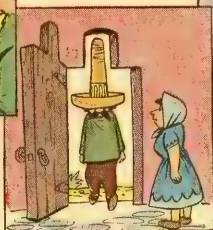


"Please wake up, sir, it's time for your sleeping pill!"

"I came to watch . . . everybody says your pitching is for the birds!"



Call me chicken if you like, but I demand a blindfold!"



"I still don't think it makes you look any taller!"

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

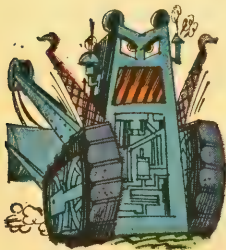
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ALL  
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB  
K K. PUBLICATIONS  
NORTH ROAD  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.





CAN YOU  
CREATE A  
MONSTER?



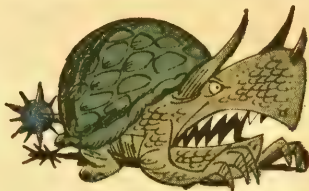
THE MACHINE MONSTER is as ferocious as a wild beast but is made of sturdy stainless steel. It eats buildings, vehicles, roads and bridges.



THE STORM MONSTER lives in clouds, fires thunderbolts of deadly electricity with unerring aim.



THE TENDRIL MONSTER shoots out whiplike sinews in all directions and pulls in victims left and right.



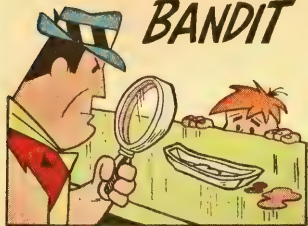
THE TURTLE-NOCEROUS has an impregnable shell and horns so hard they can penetrate any known substance.

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ADDRESS  
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# THE BAFFLING BANDIT



One day Perry returned from lunch to find a couple of visitors in his office. One was Police Chief Hardrock, but the other man was a stranger.

"Well!" said Perry. "This is a pleasant surprise, Chief! I presume you want me to help you on a case!"

Before the Chief could answer, the stranger took one look at Perry.

"That's the man!" he blurted, jabbing a finger at Perry. "He's the one who held up my bank this morning!"

Perry was somewhat surprised, to put it mildly.

"What is this, a gag?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not!" replied the Chief. "The Bedrock Bank was held up at exactly ten o'clock this morning by a man who fits your description to a 'T'!"

"That's right!" broke in the banker. "I never forget a face, especially one like yours!"

"I suppose that's a compliment," muttered Perry.

"All you have to do to clear this all up is to prove exactly where you were at ten o'clock this morning!" said the Chief.

"Oh, that's easy!" answered Perry. "I was ... uh ... er ...!"

"Don't you remember?" asked the Chief.

"Yes, but I, uh ...!" Perry faltered.

"Ah-hah! I knew it!" snapped the banker. "He has guilt written all over his face!"

Perry did some heavy thinking, but said nothing. He didn't want to admit that at ten

o'clock that morning he'd been at a class taking up knitting — a new hobby of his. How would it sound if the news got around that a rough, tough private eye was knitting one and purling two?

So, Perry said nothing, but his quick mind figured that somebody was impersonating him to get him into trouble, and he had an idea who that somebody might be.

"Tell you what, Chief!" he said. "Give me an hour to figure this thing out, and if I don't, then you can run me in!"

The Chief pondered a bit, then said, "Okay, I trust you, but you've got exactly one hour, and don't try to skip town!"

Perry assured him that he wouldn't, and the Chief and the banker left. Perry had to work fast. The deal looked like a caper that Al the Actor would pull. He was a crook that Perry apprehended a while back, and he was a master of disguises.

Then Perry remembered a peculiarity of Al's. He had a weakness for banana splits, and there was one place which served the biggest and gooiest banana splits in town. So, acting on this hunch, Perry took off.

He soon arrived at the banana split parlor and began trying to figure out which one of the customers could be Al.

Could it be this teen-ager with the big wig? But he soon discovered that the wig was real hair, and got his face slapped.

Then he got an idea. He asked the man behind the counter who had ordered the most banana splits that day. The man told him that it was an old lady in a rear booth.

So he went to see the old lady, who was surrounded by at least fifty empty banana split dishes.

"Oh!" she groaned. "I've got the world's worst tummy-ache!"

With keen, split-second thinking, Perry reasoned that no old lady would eat fifty banana splits, so he yanked off her wig, and it WAS a wig, and underneath it was none other than Al the Actor.

"Take me to jail!" he groaned. "I spent the bank loot on banana splits, and I feel terrible!"

So Perry quickly snapped the handcuffs on him, remarking as he did so:

"Al, you may be a good actor, but you're unquestionably the world's worst banana split eater!"

## CAVE KIDS

# BATTLE OF THE MYSTICS

BOO-HOO-BOO-HOO-BOO-HOO-BOO-HOO-BOO-HOO

HI-HO, FLAPPY...  
STRETCH OUT  
THOSE WINGS AND  
GO-GO-GO!

HI-HO, FLAPPY...  
STRETCH OUT  
THOSE WINGS AND  
GO - GO - GO!

GNGFSTNW!

FLAP!

FLAP!

FLAP!

TA-DAH-H! ROCKY RANGER  
TO THE RESCUE!

BOO-  
HOO-  
HOO!

GYPSY  
CRYSTA  
FORTUNE  
TOLD

ER...UM, WHAT'S  
AILING YOU, GYPSY?  
THERE'S NO DANGER  
IN SIGHT!

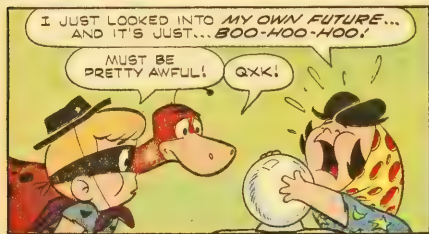
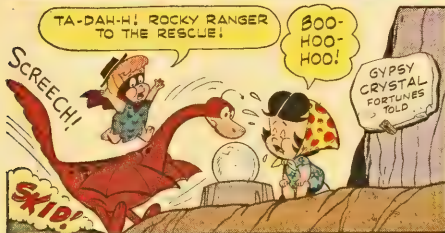
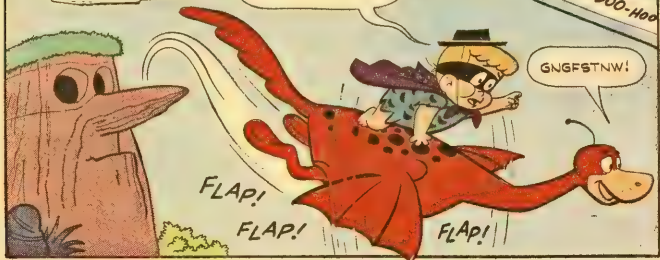
BOO-  
HOO!

I JUST LOOKED INTO MY OWN FUTURE...  
AND IT'S JUST...BOO-HOO-HOO!

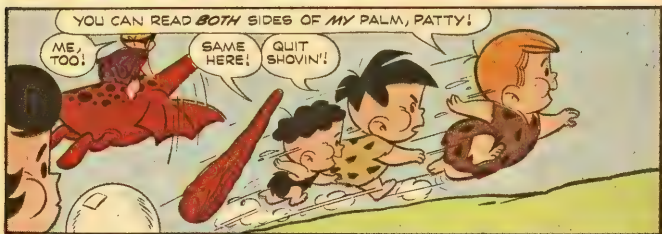
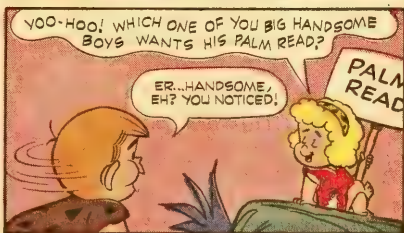
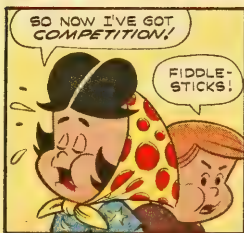
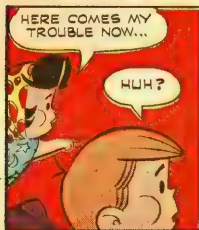
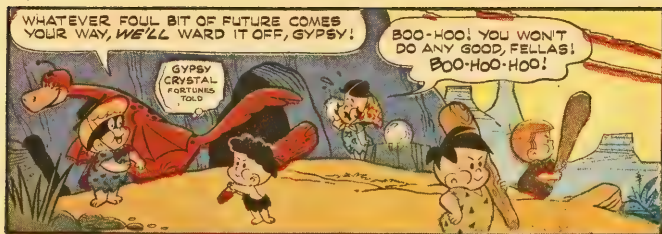
MUST BE  
PRETTY AWFUL!

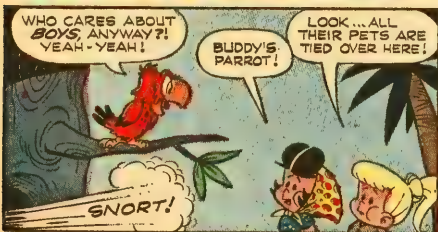
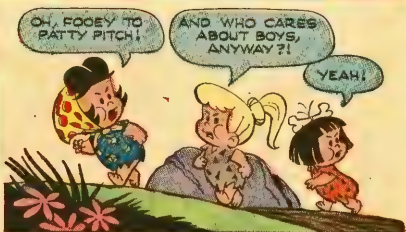
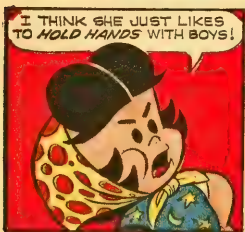
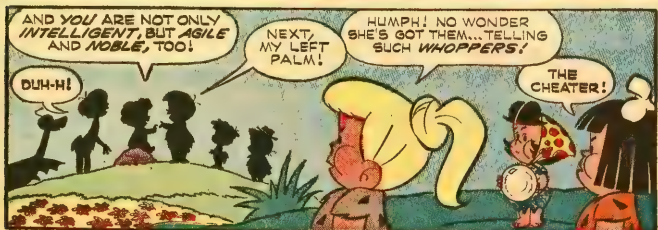
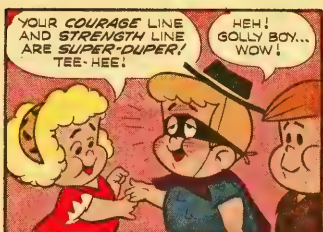
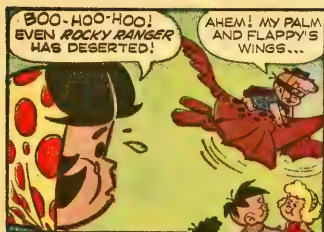
QXK.

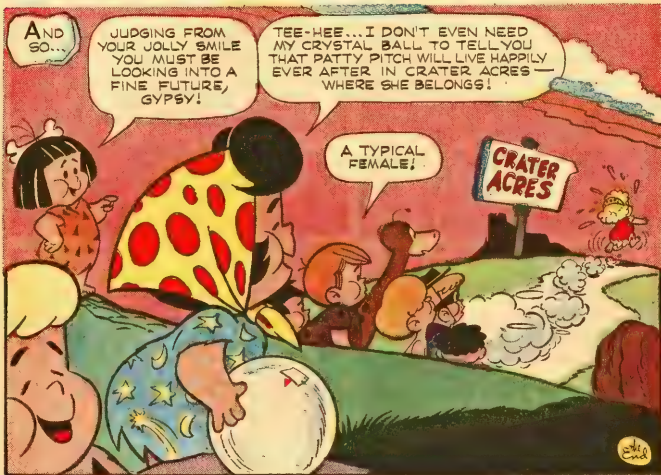
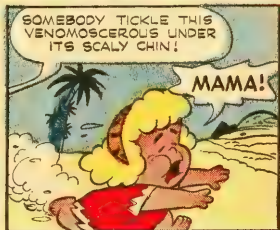
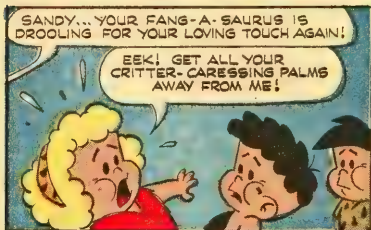
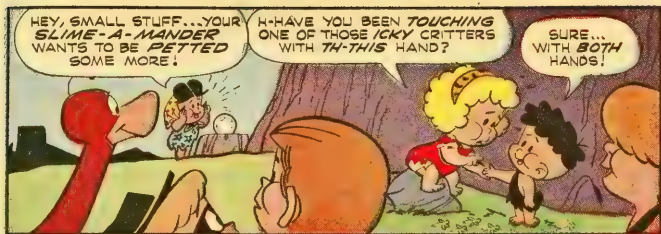
HEY, FELLAS...  
BRING YOUR CLUBS  
AND YOUR COURAGE!













Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES BIG DADDY'S BAD DAY

PEBBLES FLINTSTONE  
LOVES HER DADDY...HE'S  
SO BIG AND STRONG  
AND HANDSOME...BUT  
MOSTLY BIG!

ABBA-DABBA-  
GOO-GOO,  
DADDA!

THONK!

...AND HE'S PLAYFUL, TOO!

ABBA-DABBA  
TO YOU, TOO,  
DADDY'S BABY  
GEM!

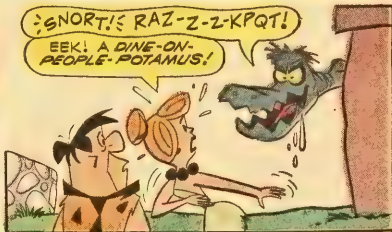
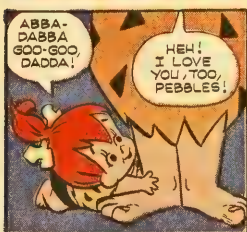
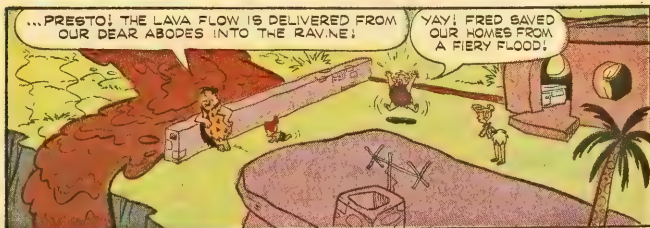
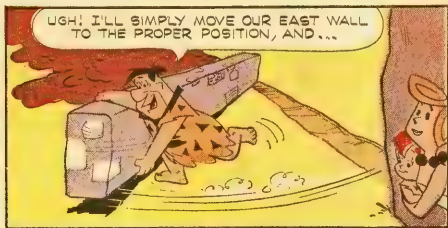
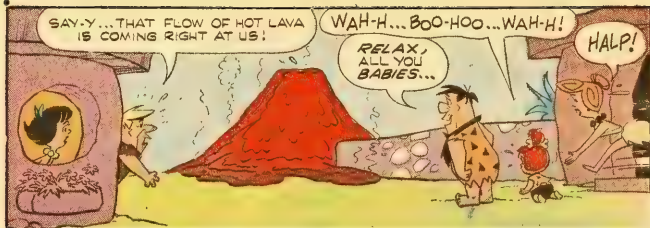
GRRI!  
(SNORT!)  
ROAR!

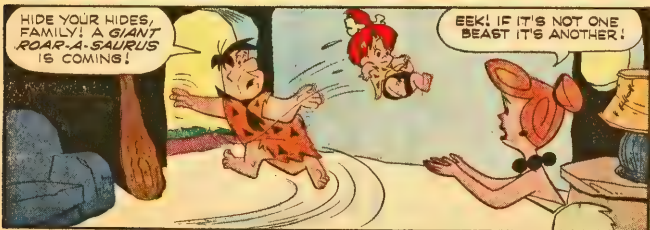
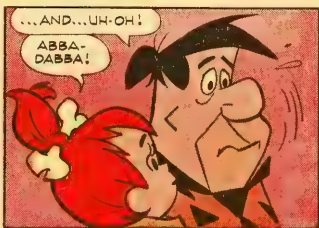
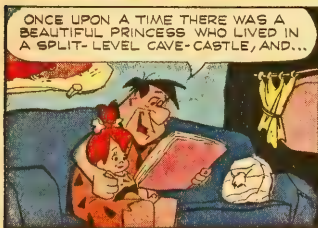
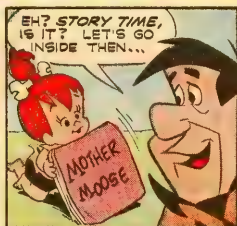
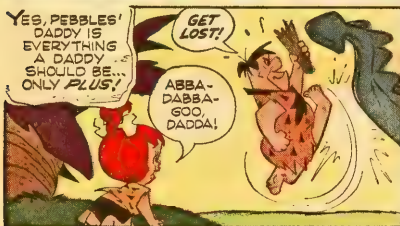
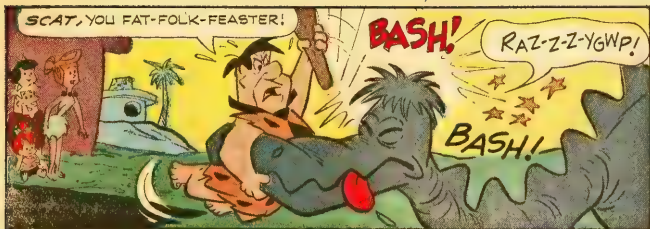
GOO-GOO,  
DADDA!

BLOM! EEE!

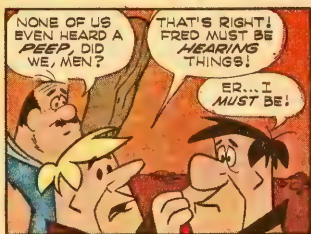
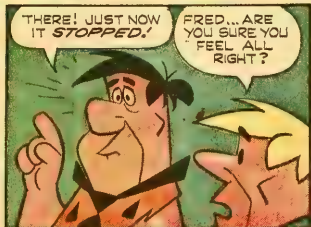
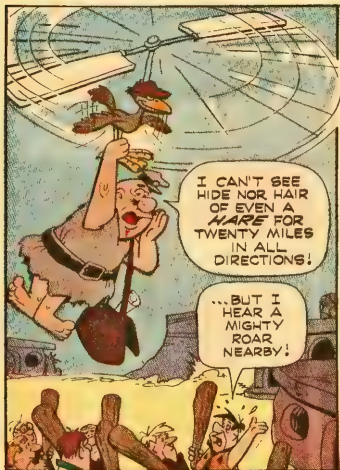
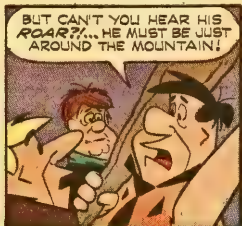
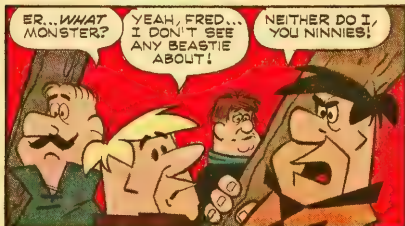
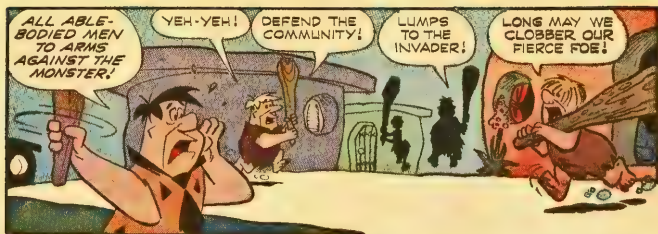
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PEBBLES...IT'S ONLY MOUNT  
BELCHABIT ACTING UP A BIT!

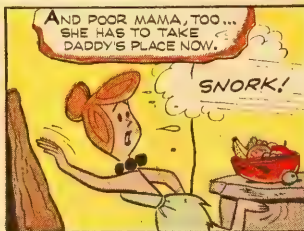
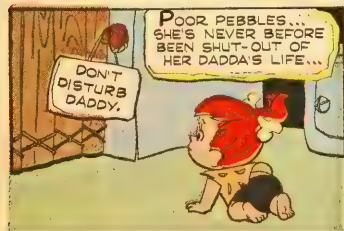
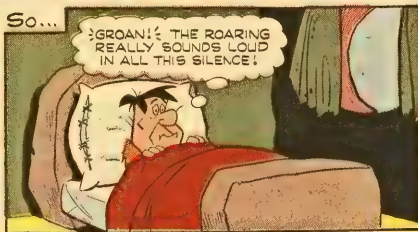
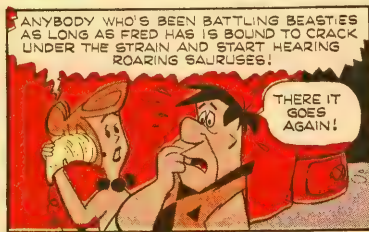
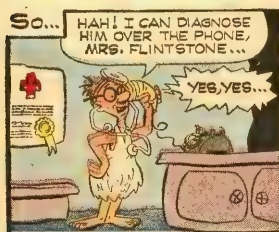
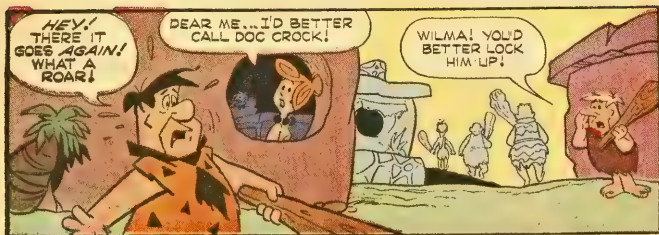
BLOM!

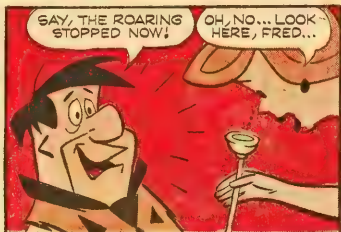
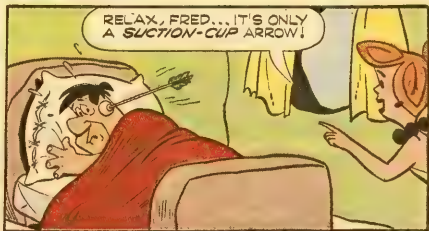
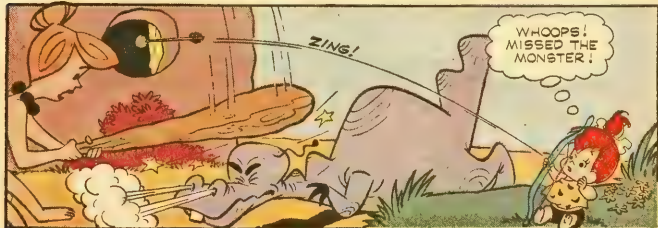
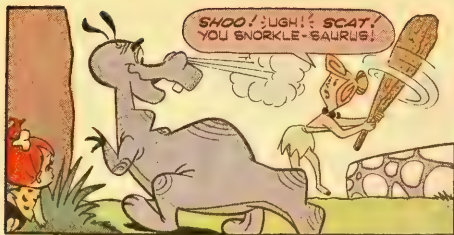




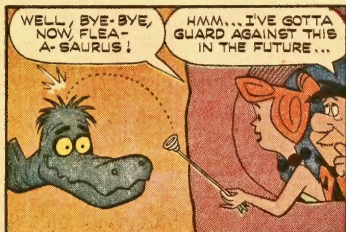
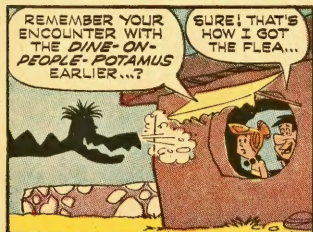








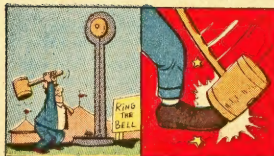
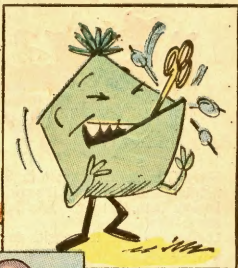
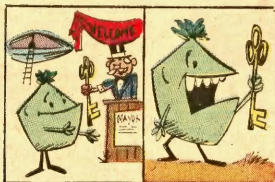






# COMPLETE THE COMIC

Did you send us funny endings for these short comics? We'll print them soon. Meanwhile, here are our final gag panels.



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Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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NORTH ROAD  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.



# THE JOKE'S ON YOU

Here's a whole pageful of jokes for your enjoyment sent in by readers like you. How about sharing your favorite jokes with them?

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**Mary:** The national sport in Spain is bull-fighting, and in England it's cricket!

**Louise:** Then, I'd rather be in England!

**Mary:** Why?

**Louise:** Because it's easier to fight with a cricket!

Suzanne Cutsforth—Lexington, Ore.

**Teacher:** On what date did Columbus cross the ocean?

**Student:** Gee, I thought he came on a ship.  
Stefano Hendrix—Atwater, Ohio

**Claudia:** Did you know that the bakery is making bread out of yeast and shoe polish.

**Pam:** No, and why would they do that?

**Claudia:** They are making it for people who want to rise and shine!

Dana Mayhugh—Uniontown, Ohio

**Father:** Son, why is your January report card so low?

**Son:** Well, you know how it is, Dad. After Christmas everything is marked down!

Stefano Caccia—Media, Pa.

**Riddle:** Why is a money factory like candy?

**Answer:** It is a mint!

Barbara Lynch—Mannheim, Germany

**Riddle:** What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a thief?

**Answer:** O-I-C-U.

Douglas Krause—Milwaukee, Wisc.

**Riddle:** What has tongues but cannot talk, and you tie them on before you walk?

**Answer:** Shoes.

Teresa English—Danville, Ill.

**Riddle:** I run all day and I run all night, but I never get anywhere. What am I?

**Answer:** A clock.

M'Leigh Kilpatrick—Reno, Nev.

**Riddle:** What will soon become the largest city in the world if it lives up to its name?

**Answer:** Dublin, Ireland, because it's always Dublin!

D'Ann Butler—Greenville, Texas

**Riddle:** What did the dirt say to the rain?

**Answer:** If this keeps up my name will be "MUD."

Elaine O'Marl—Seattle, Wash.

**Riddle:** What did the pony say when it coughed?

**Answer:** Excuse me, I'm a little hoarse.

Karen Lackaris—Oneonta, N.Y.

**New Yorker looking at Niagara Falls with a friend from Texas:** "I'll bet you don't have anything like that in Texas!

**Texan:** No, but we have a plumber who could fix that leak in ten minutes!

Janet Nelson—Southampton, L.I., N.Y.

**Question:** What is smarter than a rocking horse?

**Answer:** A spelling bee!

Debbie Paden—Tampa, Fla.

**Riddle:** Why did the man throw his coat out the window?

**Answer:** Because he heard a boy calling out "Free press!"

Jeff Boettcher—San Diego, Calif.

**Riddle:** What is lighter than a feather but a hundred men couldn't lift it?

**Answer:** A shadow.

Phyllisjean Stucker—Carrier Mills, Ill.

**Jim:** My mother is baking goodies for the party at the police station.

**Tim:** What kind of goodies?

**Jim:** Cop-cakes!

Frank Fernandez—Santa Maria, Calif.

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Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

